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The Pathfinder

—
OCTOBER, 1907
—

Henry Timrod

By G. L. SWIGGETT

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Vice-Chancellor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS


With the July number, 1907, THE PATHFINDER begins its second volume. We promise to maintain in this the same standard of excellence. During the year the *Old Authors* series, including Malory, Cervantes, Boccaccio, Michelangelo and Abelard, will be continued; a new series of *Literary Portraits* by Mr. Allen, including Waller, Herrick, Suckling, Jonson, Lovelace, Campion and Carew, will be added; Dr. Weygandt's series will include, among others, articles on Stevenson, Housman and Newbolt; Mr. Wiley will continue his series dealing with the English Romanticists, and Mr. Rose his criticisms of art and artists. There will be special numbers devoted to Dante, Milton, etc.

It is now impossible to supply volume one; certain numbers are no longer in print.

All *new* subscriptions *must* begin with number one of volume two.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS



THESE verses were written by President CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, and read at the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Delta Psi Fraternity at Williams College.

They express the faith, held by many in common with the author, in the continuity beyond the years of the real friendship of souls. The message will be a stimulus and consolation to all to whom it comes.

As a piece of bookmaking, the volume is the best that has come from *The Sewanee Press*. The type used is the beautiful Caslon, and the paper is "Arches" French handmade. It was dampened before printing and the sheets were afterwards smoothed in the dry-press. There is a touch of antique red on the title-page and the colophon is likewise rubricated. Otherwise the volume is without decoration, making its appeal through its dignified simplicity.

The entire edition consists of only 180 copies. Of these, ten copies will be bound in full levant with silk ends, stamped in gold; the remaining 180 copies will be bound in limp leather. The special copies will be sold for \$10 each, and the others at \$2 each.



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

PUBLISHERS' PAGE

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.



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Blessings Out of Sion

Containing Psalm cxxxiv (from which the title is taken), and the six Benedictions in the Book of Common Prayer; hand-lettered in Mediæval style and illuminated upon the finest vellum paper (in preference to genuine vellum) by the artist engaged upon the *Book of Remembrance* for All Saints Chapel, University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. Bound in White Calf, with title in hand-lettering. This work was done for exhibition, and a very limited number of copies for sale at \$25.00. The separate pages sell for \$5.00 apiece.



Benedicta ex Sion

A latin version of the above. Limited to five copies, offered upon the same terms. Either book sent on approval to any responsible person.



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
of SEWANEE TENNESSEE



The Pathfinder

Vol. II]

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SONNET

By ESTELLE DUCLO

. . . "Those *never* loved
Who deem that they loved ONCE."

— E. B. BROWNING.

Thy calm heart spoke, yea, spoke as one who knew
The perfect orb of two souls' unity ;
Thine eyes were holden and they could not see
Aught that was false where all for thee was true.
Yet, Love once came to me, a spark that grew
To an encircling flame—God's mystery
Of purging fire that sets the spirit free
In purest light, or burns to ashen hue.

For me it was dead embers—my heart's grave!—
The earth lies pale, an once-uprisen sun
Sank worn and spent into eternal night :—
Did I love less than thou? I know I gave
The sum of all I was—then came the blight
Of perfidy!—I lost where thou hadst won.

*HENRY TIMROD**By G. L. SWIGGETT*

Among the Georgia pines where broods "a stillness, strange, divine, ineffable," and "rests the mute rapture of deep hearted peace" Paul Hamilton Hayne, with poetic prescience, made his home after the Civil War, the sting of which had caused grief and sorrow in the little band Simms had gathered around him in Charleston. To none of these, perhaps, was to come the rue of war without the ease of heart, save Hayne's poet-friend, notice of whose death, just forty years ago this month, set those pines a-whispering of the irreparable loss of one who only a few short weeks before had shared with him their stillness and their peace.

It is sad indeed to think that Henry Timrod whose poetic life fell in so ill a time and whose poems give such beautiful utterance at times of a manly, noble hearted and wide-visioned peace should not have lived to taste the fruits of this. For, sensitive and sympathetic with all suffering, it lay not within his power to sing with sustained poetic beauty of those things with which he had

poetic kinship, a deep but simple love of friend, home, country, nature, God. And yet among the few poems that we have are some of such matchless grace, possessed of such lyric fervour, that he is ranked by some English critics among the best of our American lyric poets.

Timrod's muse was not martial. Only the heart-bleeding of the country he so dearly loved nerved him to the tense and passionate utterance of his war lyrics. Timrod, however, must not be judged by these, if he is to receive his due meed. Every martial poem of national significance in a national literature must sing of a nation's glory, of its hopes, victories and defeats. In judging Timrod we must not be blind to this fact, but must seek to find among his poems the lyric beauty of universal poetic genius; and seeking, we who know too little of this man who put up so brave a fight, though all the time he yearned for peace, shall surely find.

Through the courtesy of the B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va., THE PATHFINDER is permitted to print the following from the Memorial volume of his poems:

The Pathfinder

Oct.

From "SPRING"

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

From "THE COTTON BOLL"

While I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere!
(By dusky fingers brought this morning here
And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibres peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear-grass from his swinging bed,
Is scarce more fine;

—
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noonday light,
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and miles
The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little boll, there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound,
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us round,
And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!

—
From "KATIE"

I meet her on the dusty street,
And daisies spring about her feet;
Or, touched to life beneath her tread,
An English cowslip lifts its head;
And, as to do her grace, rise up
The primrose and the buttercup!

I roam with her through fields of cane,
And seem to stroll an English lane,
Which, white with blossoms of the May,
Spreads its green carpet in her way!
As fancy wills, the path beneath
Is golden gorse, or purple heath:
And now we hear in woodlands dim
Their unarticulated hymn,
Now walk through rippling waves of wheat,
Now sink in mats of clover sweet,
Or see before us from the lawn
The lark go up to greet the dawn!
All birds that love the English sky

“SERENADE”

Hide, happy damask, from the stars,
 What sleep enfolds behind your veil,
 But open to the fairy cars
 On which the dreams of midnight sail;
 And let the zephyrs rise and fall
 About her in the curtained gloom,
 And then return to tell me all
 The silken secrets of the room.

Ah, dearest! may the elves that sway
 Thy fancies come from emerald plots,
 Where they half dozed and dreamed all day
 In hearts of blue forget-me-nots.
 And one perhaps shall whisper thus:
 Awake! and light the darkness, Sweet!
 While thou art reveling with us,
 He watches in the lonely street.

From “KATIE”

The blackbird from a neighboring thorn
 With music brims the cup of morn,
 And in a thick, melodious rain
 The mavis pours her mellow strain!
 But only when my Katie's voice
 Makes all the listening woods rejoice
 I hear—with cheeks that flush and pale—
 The passion of the nightingale!

From “THE PAST”

To-day's most trivial act may hold the seed
 Of future fruitfulness, or future dearth;
 Oh, cherish always every word and deed!
 The simplest record of thyself hath worth.

—
If thou hast ever slighted one old thought,
Beware lest Grief enforce the truth at last;
The time must come wherein thou shalt be taught
The value and the beauty of the Past.

—
“ODE”

I

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

II

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

*DR. DOUGLAS HYDE AS WRITER**By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT*

I never read the folk-songs that Dr. Douglas Hyde has collected without thinking of Lawrence Kelly—and twenty years ago. In those years Lawrence has died, and I who had been to Ireland the summer preceding his death, never saw him to tell him of my luck in the country his stories had taught me to love. His father was a shanachie and Lawrence had by heart many of his tales and rhymes. The father had told them in both languages of the Wexford of his day; the son had little Irish, a word now and then, and at long intervals of phrase, for he came from the sea coast where Irish was dying before the famine. It was in carefully chosen and picturesque language that Lawrence talked. His vocabulary had many old words in it and his pronunciation and intonation had the quality of seventeenth century English. When he had to complain of the Golden Hamburg whose long wings and roving spirit carried her out of the cowyard into the garden it was absolutely natural to him to speak of her as ‘taking a vagary.’

His many stories of Dean Swift were told in words as simple as the Dean's and so aptly and significantly used that even the Dean would have thought them worthy of their subject. His rhymes of *Robin a' bobbin* and *Brian Boru* and *The Red Haired Man*—rhymes that I could only half comprehend—he reeled off in a sing-song, with the unerring memory of the man that cannot read or write. I can remember Lawrence repeating only one song I found in Dr. Hyde's *Love Songs of Connacht*, where it appears as *The Red Man's Wife*. Lawrence called it *The Red Haired Man*, but he had brought the song from Leinster in a form not very unlike that Dr. Hyde found in Connacht.

Although I knew but this one song that is in *The Love Songs* before the lucky day I got the book it was not an altogether unfamiliar world whose love sorrows were here, just as it was not an unfamiliar world I came upon in *The Wanderings of Oisín*, for Lawrence's stories of Finn, and the *Ossian* that was among my grandfather's books had brought me more than rumor of the Celtic Other-world. I have written this of my early experiences with things Irish because of my enthusiasm over Irish folk-song as translated by Dr. Hyde. I have read some of these

verses to people interested in poetry and of more Irish blood than myself, without stirring them to any enthusiasm whatever. Perhaps I see more of beauty in them than there is, perhaps my interest is partly because of old memories and present associations, but they mean much to me. Irish folk-song, translated, cannot for a moment be compared to Scotch folk-song; what the power and beauty of it is in the Irish I unfortunately cannot say, but I have seen no claim that it is comparable. I do not know the literature of folk-poetry well enough to institute comparisons between Irish folk-poetry translated into English, and Italian and Russian and Norse folk-poetry translated into English. I do know, however, that these poems as translated by Dr. Hyde are beautiful—to me the most appealing part of his work, although I am deeply interested in his plays. Besides *The Love Songs* Dr. Hyde has as yet published in book form of his great collections of folk-poetry only *The Religious Songs of Connacht*, which wistful and imploring as many of them are, are as a whole little nearer the value of the love songs than the value of English religious poetry is to the value of English love poetry.

In his little preface to *The Love Songs* (1894)

Dr. Hyde has a word about the people that made them, not only professional bards but the men and women of the country-side. In these verses you get some insight into the feelings of the peasantry of West Ireland, whose life, says Dr. Hyde, is "so pitiable, so dark and sad and sorrowful," and who are "so broken, bruised and beaten down in their own land and country that their talents and ingenuity find no place for themselves, and no way to let themselves out but in excessive foolish mirth, or in keening and lamentation." Other words of his in this preface give much of the quality of the verses he has translated. They are indeed "truly gentle, smooth, fair loving poems," but in them "more grief and trouble, more melancholy and contrition of heart, than of gaiety or hope." Their dominant note is, of course, the note of passion, or of lament for passion unrequited or passion dead. They would not be Irish if they were not satiric now and then, or tender almost always. Their images are from the life their authors lived in village or country-side. A lover is to the girl that loves him

"The star of knowledge
Or the blossom of the raspberries
On each side of the boreen,"

and the girl is to her lover

“the maiden who is mannerly, courteous;
And sure the taste of her kisses is sweeter
than the honey of the bees on the table
And to be drinking it in berry-red brandy.
Two breasts—fine, handsome, white, smooth, bright,
Like a swan that would be alone upon the linn:
And sure the cuckoo speaks in the middle of the cold
winter
In the little village in which she is sporting.”

The Irish-Old-English Dr. Hyde uses—“the beautiful speaking” that I first heard from Lawrence—is not finer here than many places else, but the folk-poet is not often so Keatsian and the poem is not often so sustained from onset to end as this of *Little Mary of the Fair Hair*, although *The Coolun*, *The Breedyeen* and *Little Child I Call Thee* are well sustained. From this last I must quote

“Of the grey eyes of the slow looks, of the brows thin like the stroke of a pen, of the white cheeks but scarlet through them; ochone, it is through them I am ill.

“Of the fresh fingers of white hands clean cut, of the languid limbs round which close tunes of every fairy-sweet free-blossomed music, which she the fair gull wrote for us.

“ . . . the gentle tender body, the blossom-like side—I sing not half an account of my Swan.”

In his fear that his Breed will marry an old man, the young lover cries

“You have left my mind destroyed and troubled,
Like the aspen tree and the wind rocking it”

And how universal this situation ;

“You promised me — and told me a falsehood —
That you would be with me at the pen of the sheep.
I let a whistle and a thousand shouts for you,
And I found nothing in it but the lambs ableating.”

Laugh at the lover if you will, his complaint has the very ring of bitter disappointment.

Everywhere are references to Nature, the wild bare Ireland that the makers of these songs knew, to its rushes and rowan trees ; to its bird cries of seamew and raven, blackbird and thrush ; to its “great wind and rain blowing.” But I must end with these songs. I have not quoted half the passages I had marked “quote sure ;” I have not said half the good words that might be said of them. Here are men and women gripped by a love over which they have no power, some rejoicing in it, more in sorrow because of it.

That I have not so good a word to say of *The Religious Songs of Connacht* (1906) would, I know, trouble old Lawrence, but as Dr. Hyde says so often when he quotes a bitter curse or anti-clerical sentiment, the truth must be written

down. Of the tales and satires, prayers and charms Dr. Hyde has here collected, many from oral dictation of men and women that had them "clear in the back of the head," I can recall as Lawrence's only one, *The Minister and the Gossoon*. This Lawrence told in English with Dean Swift as the Minister and his man Jack as the Gossoon. But the little Irish Lawrence had was in his prayers, and the thoughts of many that Dr. Hyde translates were frequently on his lips. There is in these, however, comparatively little of that fatalism that I learned from Lawrence, which expressed itself with cheerful finality in such phrases as "When a man's time comes he must go" and "It will be all the same in a hundred years." The most beautiful verse in Dr. Hyde's two volumes is a little prayer that Bidy Crummy, of the parish of Tibohine, County Roscommon, told him was to be said "when one is awakened by the chirping of the birds in the morning: "A fragrant little prayer my child taught me myself, my eyes not to be shut in the time of the singing of the birds; going on my knees praying and beseeching the Son of God, remembering the Lamb who is bruised and dead beneath the clay."

(To be continued in November Number)

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“The Celtic element in our national life has a vital and great part to play. We have a most noble ideal if we will but accept it. And that is, not to perpetuate feuds, not to try to win back what is gone away upon the wind, not to repay ignorance with scorn, or dulness with contempt, or past wrongs with present hatred, but so to live, so to pray, so to hope, so to work, so to achieve, that we, what is left of the Celtic races, of the Celtic genius, may permeate the greater race of which we are a vital part, so that with this Celtic emotion, Celtic love of beauty, and Celtic spirituality a nation greater than any the world has seen may issue, a nation refined and strengthened by the wise relinquishings and steadfast ideals of Celt and Saxon, united in a common fatherland, and in singleness of pride and faith.”—FIONA MACLEOD.



MINE

By FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE

Mine, all mine, the wondrous, exquisite longing,
Mine the wild wild hopes that perforce come thronging
Into my heart and brain whenever I think of you!
Attendant on your coming and your going,
Life's full uplifting harmonies are flowing;

O Heaven, yet spare to my steadfast heart a
dream so true!

E'en if I never hear you say you love me,
Here is reflected heaven, around, above me,
Wherein I dwell, beyond love's dearth, its mad
endeavor.

So would I sometimes know your tender nearness,
Would feel your sweet collectedness, your dearness,
Your heart, which must abide, my world, my
home for ever!



OLD AUTHORS TO READ

By FRANK WALLER ALLEN

VI.—MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

"No man lives in the external truth, among salts and acids; but in the warm, phantasmagoric chamber of his brain, with the painted windows and the storied walls."—R. L. S.

There is a certain friendly physician I know who finds a deal of pleasure in writing sundry prescriptions indicating mixtures which he assures me will restore health to the body. Likewise a clergyman of gentle courage has for years hoped to administer certain doses with a faith in their creating within me a new heart. A heart, if you will allow me a whispered aside, with which he seems well content to go a-fishing, to share the reading of an old author, or even en-

joying so worldly a pleasure as a good dinner—all things, I say, save with which to go a-preaching, then it must needs be doctored.

As for myself, I am a dealer in poppies. The white poppies of literature, if you please, out of which the dreams are made with which we stock our "storied walls." Thus, from my own medicine chest, I offer these balsms, not found in Gilead, it is true, but, never-the-less, good for the soul. For actual troubles, which you would do much in order that you might forget, there is merry old Dumas to be had in such huge aleopathic doses as, for instance, D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos, Aramis and the delectable Chicot; to be rid of an ordinary attack of the blues, try my brave, true Stevenson's assorted lots of essays, letters, and bits of verse; if your disease be mental depression accompanied by a lack of energy, try a few drops, after meals, of the elixir of lactated Balzac; if your agony is due to contact with Bores, Bromides, Pedants and exacting R. S. V. P.'s apply Cervantes freely until relieved.

You are mistaken if you think Cervantes laughed. A fool, a dog, a pedant, even a compiler of encyclopedias laughs. *Don Quixote* is a smile. It requires a man, well-balanced, pos-

—
sessing a subtle appreciation of the values of life, and sympathethic withal, to smile. To smile and smile and smile through all of one's days because things are ridiculous, out-of-proportion, over-serious, yet ever mindful of the true, the genuine, the tragedy as well as the comedy, and more than this, to never sneer. is to live as a god. And this, by-the-way, is a state of the heart, and not the contortions of the lips. I am sure that the tolerant good-humor ever making merry within the soul of Cervantes might best be seen in his eyes.

Stevenson, or whoever it was that invented the dual nature of man, was not quite right. There are some personalities who are at least a half-dozen men. Often such a heart contains a mob; less often, an army. You understand that it is largely a matter of discipline with these men of the many natures. Cervantes was such a man. There was in him an army of such apparently different temperaments it would lead to one to believe that there would have been continuous mutiny because of a lack of congeniality. Seemingly, however, there was little trouble. More astonishing, one of these men was a woman; who, by-the-way, had no little part in writing *Don Quixote*.

If you are familiar with the life of Cervantes you will remember that he was a sort of beloved vagabond, a Paragot, if you please, Mr. Locke; a gentleman, again if you please, who didn't dress for dinner; an adventurer, the mere accidents of whose life gave him much more of romance amid the "salts and acids" than the most of us see through our "painted windows," with the veritable spirit of D'Artagnan; a patriot who could languish in prison and melodramatically escape; a plotter; an intriguer; a lover; a preacher, too, God save the mark; a philosopher; even somewhat of a poet; yet greater than all of these, a satirist who could smile at himself! It is a great man who can recognize he is a fool with the rest of us.

Cervantes was a revolutionist and didn't know it. Deal gently here, for I am sure he did not mean to be a reformer. I am sure he did not know that he was really likely to spoil anybody's fun when he smiled *Don Quixote*. Men who took their chivalry, and what they thought to be their honor, too seriously, were about him; scholars who exaggerated the importance of books and belittled life itself were his unavoidable companions; the social existence of the time was a series of follies. One day our man of many

men saw how ridiculous it all was, and chuckled. This chuckle, quite innocent, I assure you, sent shields, knight errantry, helmets and all, rattling to the scrap-heap. Be assured that however much change this man wrought, he had no kinship with Calvin or John Knox. He fought for the love of fighting, a most royal gentleman of fortune, withal, who worked at his "great task of happiness" without believing it his mission to make his fellows miserable.

Cervantes knew none other than a life of poverty, incessant work, and much disappointment; yet he made friends which is better than many ducats. At death, though poor, there were many friends about him, and this speaks loudly for the fine spirit of the man. It is very easy to have companions and happiness in the hey-dey of youth; perhaps still easier in the strong, successful years of middle life; but to have friends at death, when they little need you, is to have won the life which is immortal.

Recent Publications

WILBUR UNDERWOOD.—*A Book of Masks*. Many of the poems in this little volume of verse reveal the haunting beauty of the French lyric, the Celtic note in which seems to inform them. London: Printed for Elkin Mathews. 1907.

ELIZABETH GIBSON.—*A Book of Reverie*. There is an ethical thread of unity running through the beautiful maxims in this dainty little volume that considerably enhances its value. New York: John Lane Co. 1907.

SHAILER MATHEWS.—*The Church and the Changing Order*. Nowhere has this scholarly and thoughtful writer treated with such forceful simplicity of the dominant note of his teaching. In a series of chapters dealing with the relations of the Church to modern social forces, the writer discusses in a popular way the question of the necessity of an adjustment of vital Christianity with the formative life forces of to-day. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

ARTHUR HEMING.—*Spirit Lake*. Standing Wolf, the hero of these splendid tales dealing with the Indian fur-hunters of the Northwest, might easily be considered a creation in realistic fiction. While the spiritual and physical beauty in the Indian lore, myth and environment is described in a fascinating manner, the author, by sure and swift strokes, shows the great difference between his art and that of Cooper. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

ALBERT F. CALVERT.—*Cordova. Seville*. The publishers are preparing in their handsome, inexpensive *Spanish Series*, indispensable guide-books to Spanish history and art. The author is well known for his intimate knowledge and sympathetic treatment of the life, letters and art of this country. Travellers will welcome particularly the volumes that treat of minor places like Salamanca, Avila, etc. Each volume is richly supplied with illustrations, e. g., the one on Seville contains three hundred. New York: John Lane Co. 1907.

ALFRED OLLIVANT.—*Redcoat Captain*. A charming love-story that tells of the coming of Tiny and Baby to

That Country, glimpses of which we catch at times through the poet's eyes. The satire of it is delightfully piquant; nothing, in fact, better since *Alice in Wonderland*. Dull and prosaic must be indeed the mind that cannot be won to this little tale of tenderness that lies just beneath the surface of nonsense. With appropriate illustrations by Graham Robertson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

MAY SINCLAIR.—*The Helpmate*. This novel of English life may not present as interesting a theme as the *Divine Fire*, but there can be no question of a superior technique. The dialogue is better, the *mise-en-scène* firmer, and the psychology truer. Beginning where most problem novels end, no longer detached as a "serial," this novel gains perceptibly in absorbing interest. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

JOHN OXENHAM.—*A Man of Sark*. The author of *The Long Road* is plainly a writer of unwonted versatility. The earlier book is a good novel; his latest is just as good a romance. No lover of a good tale will be disappointed in the narration of the stirring events that beset the Channel Island hero and of his love for Carrette, the witchery and womanliness of whose character Benda has caught so well in his illustration. New York: The Baker and Taylor Co. 1907.

ARTHUR TILLEY.—*François Rabelais*. To write the third volume in uniformly excellent *French Men of Letters Series*, no more competent English scholar could have been selected than the editor himself. In this first definitive *Life* since the foundation of the *Société des Etudes Rabelaisiennes* in 1902, Professor Tilley has written of the art and philosophy of the author of the delightful Pantagruel with scholarly appreciation. Like the previous volumes on *Montaigne* and *Balzac*, this one is furnished with frontispiece portrait, bibliography and index. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippencott Co. 1907.

EMERSON'S ESSAY
ON
COMPENSATION

THE SEWANEE PRESS is issuing a print of this notable essay, which, at the same time expresses the faith in which THE PRESS was founded and is operated, and is recognized to be the most characteristic of all of Emerson's homilies on the philosophy of life.

The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor LEWIS NATHANIEL CHASE of the Department of English in Indiana University.

It is set up in a beautiful old style type and printed on paper of an antique finish. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

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